



DRAWN BY EVERMONT EISEL

ALOHA CLUB OFFICERS

President and critic, Bill of Louisville (William Habich); vice president, Ruth Bradley; club poet, Anna Virginia Mitchell; club artist, Walter Dowell; club prose writer, The Westernette.

Circle Leaders—Booklovers, William Habich; Humane, Ruby Buchanan; Music Lovers, Gwynn McLendon; Art Lovers, Ruth Eichenberger; Athletic Circle, Ira J. Looney; Dramatic Circle, Louis Goodfriend; Radio Circle, Clinton Ang; Kodaker's Circle, Lasca Lemon.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Letters should be addressed to Aloha Club (or Humane Circle, Contest Department, Booklovers' Circle, etc.), Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky. Letters not for publication, business letters, suggestions and inquiries regarding club matters should be addressed to Aunt Ruth. Important questions will be answered in Aunt Ruth's Note Book.

Any boy or girl not over 20 years of age may join the Aloha Club by writing a letter and adopting a nom de plume. If the chosen nom de plume is already taken it will be marked No. 2 and another must be selected. The true name in brackets should be signed below the nom de plume to each letter.

Correspondents should write on one side of the paper only. The pages should be numbered in order. All contributions must be signed with writer's full name, age and address. This should be written on the reverse side of drawings instead of on a separate sheet of paper.

All contributions whether writings or drawings, stories or verse, must be original. Copies of other artists' work are not acceptable and will not be printed if discovered to be copies.

All drawings should be done in black ink on white paper, otherwise they cannot be printed. Colored drawings are not accepted.



DRAWN BY MARIE LATOUR

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH 15.

ALOHA AND CIRCLES—Bob, the Hoosier Sheik, Moonshine, Jean L. Wilson, Trumpty, Blue Eyed Gypsy, Little Turtle.

ART—Catherine Meyer (3), Jean Wilson, Lucy Dicks.

LITERARY—The Westernette, Muriel Powell, Irene Hanner, Wilma Louise Hughes, Anna Virginia Mitchell, Middle Alston, Ruth Bradley, Ojo, the Mischievous.

THE long, cold trail of winter is now a winding into the land of sunlit springland. . . . Everyone knows it is in the springtime that dreams come true. . . . There is the gloom and the gleam of a woodland through which the sunlight is sifting—and—the first bright harbinger of spring is in last week's issue of Aloha—Bob, the Hoosier Sheik's letter and our Club Poet, Anna Virginia Mitchell's poem.

It seems deplorable that anyone with the art of Robert Truman does not write us more. Perhaps he does write often, but we were never so vividly impressed with any of his contributions as we were with his letter on spring—his whimsical touches are delightful and his impressions colorful—the beauty of the whole will linger.

MY FRIEND.

My Friend. . . . An inspiring friend for the duties of the day. . . . An enchanting friend for the Sunday's relaxation. . . . Into the kingdom of shadows and beauty, far from the realm of monotony, this friend leads me. . . . It is a friend I must love, always—and cannot afford to be without. . . . My friend—Aloha.

Catherine Meyer, possessor of fragile, flower-like beauty, has chosen to adorn the pages of Aloha with three of her beauty works, each consistently colorful.

One cannot think of Catherine without quoting Tennyson. How nicely he describes her in his line from "A Dream of Fair Women." "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," and from "The Princess." "A rosebud set with little wilful thorns." But, instead of describing Catherine from Tennyson, we should discuss her drawings. We will

say we liked the "Aunt Ruth's Chat" heading best.

Quoting Tennyson, we have reread him lately and would like to say this to Ruth Wimp, taken from "Break, Break, Break": "But, Oh, for the touch of a vanish'd hand and the sound of a voice that is still!" And of Anna Virginia, from "Launcelot and Elaine": "To doubt her fairness were to want an eye." And to Marie La Tour, from "The Idyls of the King": "Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me."

Westernette, we have always thought that the plural pronoun "we" was reserved for editors and persons with tapeworms. Perhaps you are an editor, we don't know, but for safety first we will extend the privilege to prose-writers also. Aside from this foolery, the Westernette's article, "They Are and They Aren't," is the best article printed for ages.

"A Song of the Fog," by Muriel Powell, had it—we don't know what it is, but it is that peculiar thing that catches our fancy and makes us love it.

Jean Wilson deserves great credit for her "Sleep, Baby, Sleep." We liked her editorial heading, too, but the girl was slightly out of proportion from a logical point of view.

It was only after reading her letter three times that we discovered it was "Fairdale Flapper" and not "Alredale Flapper."

Little Turtle wrote his first letter to Aloha. He did not describe himself; he did not mention the wastebasket; he did not call us "cuzzies"; his letter consisted of more than two paragraphs; he did tell us a little story, making his letter unique and the best new member's letter printed in that issue.

I received a letter from a girl in Lexington, Ky., asking what a heading must possess to meet my approval. I replied, it should have good lettering and good designing; however, "R. S." if you will notice Catherine Meyer's three headings of last week, they are the pinnacle of our standard. If you can draw headings with one-fourth as good lettering and designing, they will be met with approval.

Ojo, the Mischievous, you have my

admiration. You are now a popular member of Aloha, just through your little masquerade—certainly you deserve praise.

Aloha, two weeks from the day you read this will be Easter Sunday. Now we want a special Easter issue with timely drawings, poems, etc. So everyone get busy; you have only a short time.

Another thing, the Aloha Club's semi-annual Honor Roll will be printed in the Easter issue. All honorees mentioned up to and including the last week in March will be counted. We are sorry we cannot include the first week in April but sufficient time must be allowed for our Club Artist, Walter Dowell, to design the Honor Roll.



DRAWN BY OREADA THACKER

LEBANON, KY.—Dear Art Lovers: In writing recently on the "Moderns," I forgot to mention our foremost comic artists, who are just as advanced in their line of work as their more serious brothers.

The novelty of M. E. Jackson's paintings has sold many a magazine for the Saturday Evening Post. He draws in over a dozen styles, and that is really what makes an artist popular—diversity.

Norman Rockwell is one of the United States' best comic artists. He sees the ridiculous in life, paints it, we see it, and laugh, too. That helps to prove that "half the world is laughing at the other half," doesn't it?

There are so many others equally as competent as the two mentioned. I'll not try to discuss any of them.

Mr. President, I deeply regret slighting Mr. Parrish, but I am not very familiar with his drawings. I don't believe you like Brown (I mean the artist), but to me he is the best of all; he is truly my ideal.

We must have more art letters—even excuses like this! In the past year we've had less than any other circle. Please write to the Art Lovers—and to DR. DOOLITTLE.

St. Benjamin Harrison, Ind.—Dear Art Lovers: I wonder how many of you have seen the painting of "The Holy Cross Mountain."

We have it as the scene painted on the stage-drop in the Service Club here and it is a remarkable scene taken from nature. I don't know where in the world the mountain is, but I think it is in the United States, although it may not be. Briefly it is this:

In the far distance a ridge of mountains is seen, barren on the slopes, clouds hovering at their peaks, some of which are snow clad. As the eye travels downward trees appear near at hand, covering the ground for a space till a break appears. It is the course of a creek coming around rocks and hidden by high banks till it appears at a point very near at hand where it tumbles over rocks and small falls in a swift rapid. On the right and left of the creek are seen bushes and small trees vying with the rocks for a foothold, succeeding hill at the forefront, but further back growing luxuriously.

Again the eye looks upward and, behold! a miracle. Do my eyes deceive me or is that—yes it is, it is! A Cross, a mighty Cross, on a mountain top. How could that be?

It is a glacier three miles wide in a cleft on the mountain, too big and thick to be melted in summer—Nature's symbol that the Cross still lives and predominates life.

"Freaks of nature may happen, but nature does not lie."

WILLIAM LADD.

Louisville, 1011 East Broadway. Dear Art Lovers:—Thanks to Miss Oreada Thacker (Miantowana) for that interesting letter which was in the Art Lovers' Circle column of the Junior and I hope that the artists of our club write more and the eyes of the Aloha are on our circle—like the world is of Floyd Collins. Yes I wish him all the luck in the world.

I adored the work of Catherine Meyer.



DRAWN BY CATHERINE MEYER

DEAR JUNIORS: All of you love Aloha, I know, and are glad that we are prospering. Never, in fact, have we been more prosperous and popular. Never have we had more good contributions, more faithful and talented members, and never, never have we had more new members—or would-be new members, for unfortunately we cannot print all their letters promptly. Over 200 applicants for membership are now waiting to see their letters in print, and it is becoming a problem whether to try to print them all or not. Old and established members are apt to favor printing the "noms" only; but experience has taught me that new members whose letters are printed are much more apt to stay in the club and make good members than those whose "noms" only are printed. So, by using small type and giving as much space to new letters as is consistent with keeping up the interest of all departments, we take in the new members in the order of application. Until some better plan can be worked out, we shall have to ask the

applicants to be patient and wait for their letters.

Several inquiries have been made regarding the annual masquerade. As Lent seems an inappropriate time for such an event, we have delayed announcing a date for this gala occasion. In order to give ourselves plenty of time to prepare for it, May 3 has been chosen as the date.

For the benefit of members who are not familiar with the masquerade, I will state that in this issue Aloha may borrow another's nom de plume or may assume a different character for this one issue. The "ball" takes place in the paper only. Drawings, letters, poems, stories, appropriate to the occasion are requested. No letter or article should be very long, as we wish to have room for all. Those who borrow another's "nom" are supposed to write "in character." As soon as the issue appears, guesses may be sent as to the identity of the writers. These will be printed two weeks later when the "unmasking" takes place.

AUNT RUTH.



DRAWN BY WALTER DOWELL

HELEN WEIGER—Puzzle answers must be in the office by 5 o'clock Wednesday. I am sorry if you cannot return them in time, but the arrangement is necessary in order to have the result printed in two weeks.

ZION LILY—The Mask Ball is to be given the first Sunday in May. Reunion is the last Sunday in August or the first in September. Your "nom" is "different" and easily remembered—why do you wish to change? We have never changed but once; it takes a year to call the roll and prepare for it—so we shall not have a changing day soon. Our space is so precious that I cannot use reprint—that is articles copied from other publications—as a rule. If a short poem, like the one you sent, were used, we should have to give credit, which you did not do. I enjoyed the poem, however.

MARGARET FARNSLEY—I hope your friends will join the club, although they will have to wait two months or longer to see their letters

printed. There are over 200 applications for membership ahead of them.

IRENE HANNER—Yes, we print landscape pictures if they are good enough, but they are more difficult to draw than smaller subjects. It is better to make headings somewhat larger than they are to be when printed; they can be reduced from any size. But be sure to have them at least twice as wide as they are deep, or even shallower. They may be folded unless the board they are made on will be broken by folding. Several drawings may be mailed in one envelope. Thank you for your words of appreciation.

BARBARA ADAMS—I'm sorry the nom de plume "Blue Bonnet" is taken. You may have the last one you selected.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM, MARY TUDOR, QUEEN O' THE NILE—Three nice letters—written on both sides. All "copy" for printers must be written on one side only; this is the rule in all printing offices. Try again.

From the Diary of A Lonesome Alohan

MONDAY, Feb. 23, 1925.—No school today, diary. Tra-la-la-la. What a grand and glorious feeling. But then, no mail today, either, no letters from Alohadom. Well, tomorrow, maybe.

Tuesday, February 14, 1925.—Up at 6 o'clock this morning to study Latin and geometry. How I hate to get up early. To school by 8:30 and home by 12 o'clock.

Oh, me! (that sigh or yawn, whichever it was, nearly blew you away, diary). I was so happy for a while, and now I'm so lonesome. Aloha seems to have forgotten me. Only one letter in a whole week.

Back to school to study English

er and Marie La Tour—oh! I forgot "Meditation" which was drawn by Howard Chandler Dilley, as it was wonderful. Don't you think so?

It's in the ninth inning and we are eight runs in the rear. Come on—wake up and get some "pep" as we need nine runs so that the Art Lovers' Circle will win from the Dramatic Circle as we want the top of the page in a two-column heading. Will we win? With love.

JACK MUNDY

Literature, which we didn't have. Lessons, lessons!

Wednesday, February 25, 1925.—Same as Tuesday, with the exception of the English lesson which we did have. No letters.

Thursday, February 26, 1925.—An interesting lecture on "The Meaning of Literature," and in addition to the daily routine I really enjoyed that.

Twelve o'clock and no letters again, diary, it's breaking my heart.

Friday, February 27, 1925.—To the movies to see that old picture, "Stephen Steps Out." Really enjoyed it. Home and up till 12 o'clock to hear the results of the basketball games. Hot ziggy do! The girls won and the boys lost. Not so bad, it was a hard game.

No letters from Aloha.

Saturday, February 28, 1925.—Oh, diary, if I don't get a letter today, "I'll lay me down and die."

Twelve o'clock, and the postman's whistle. No letter!

To the library to soothe my aching heart with the most romantic of novels. Home, and to bed by 11 o'clock.

Sunday, March 1, 1925.—I really must write to Aloha. I believe I'll send you, diary. Mr. Wastebasket is getting rather hungry of late. If anyone wants to know, my address is 336 Seventh Street, Paris, Ky. But—no letters—yet.

MARICE